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Beautiful
NOVA SCOTIA

THE
**TOURIST'S
EDEN**

THE BRIEF STORY OF
A SUMMER OUTING IN THE
QUEEN OF VACATION LANDS

With a short description of some
of its delightful resorts,
Quaint Old Historic Towns and
Surpassing Scenery.

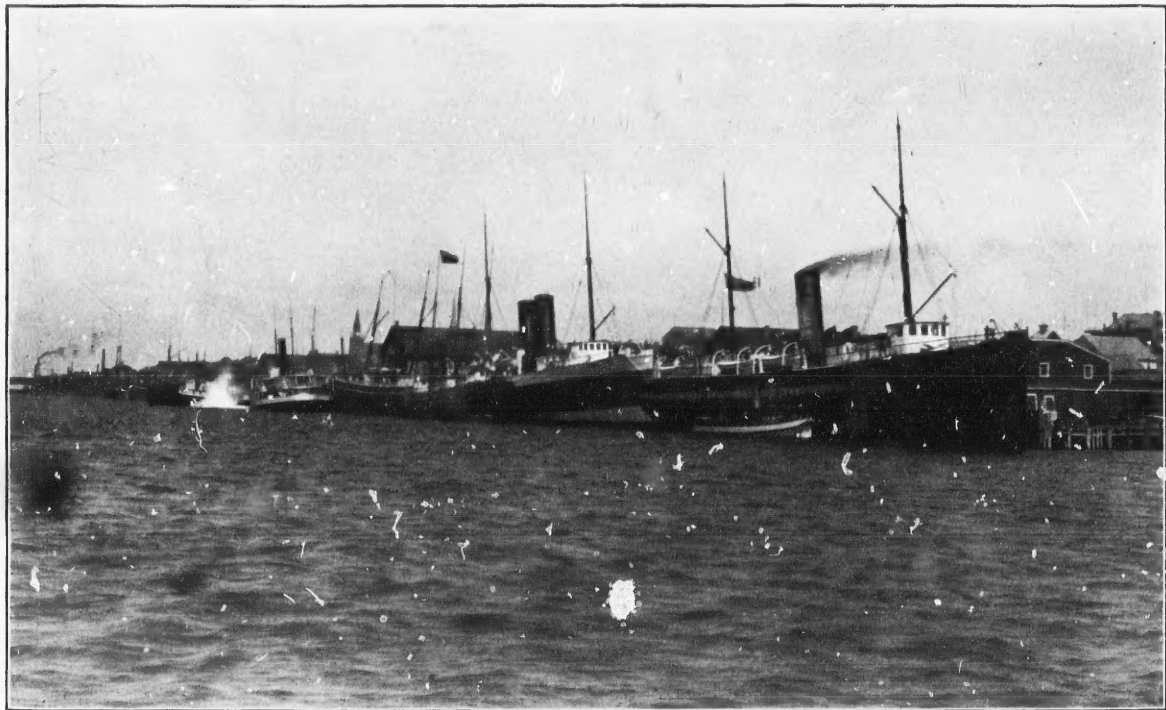
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YARMOUTH, N.S.
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YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S FLEET, YARMOUTH, N.S.

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INTRODUCTION,

WHICH THE READER IS CORDIALLY INVITED NOT TO SKIP.



OVA SCOTIA! Nova Scotia! Nova Scotia! Not a word have I heard from you people since you got back, but Nova Scotia!"

I said this possibly with some little display of pique, for my friends had been back from their vacation for more than a week; and they had talked of nothing else except what they had seen and done in Nova Scotia; and ordinarily I had found them well informed on a variety of matters, and able to discuss divers topics.

"And that's all you're going to hear us talk about for the next six months," they answered, with the most hopeless assurance, "and your only escape is to go down there yourself, in which case you'll enjoy the subject as much as we do."

"Well," I replied, "if you can give me two good reasons why I should go to Nova Scotia, I'll throw up my intended trip to the White Mountains, and go down there instead."

"Two!" exclaimed one of them, "I can give you twenty."

"Go right ahead."

"Very well, here's reason first: It is the most healthful country in the world. Nowhere else in Christendom — at least, in this part of Christendom — are the nights so cool, refreshing, and so full of sleep. If they should have a hot night in Nova Scotia, the people would sit up to watch it, and think that the end of the world had come. And the days are cool; and

there's always a breeze blowing one way or the other, if not all ways at once. There's no hay fever there, or malaria, or catarrh, or anything else. There's only one class of people that finds Nova Scotia unhealthy."

"Well," I made haste to interpolate, "I'm glad that you don't claim the climate is absolutely perfect; who are these people?"

"The doctors; they simply starve there, and that, too, although there are fewer of them in Nova Scotia than anywhere else in the world.

"Reason second: It is the most restful place to be found within a thousand miles of Boston. The country is full of rest; it is in the air, in the vegetation, and in the people. You see no furrowed brows in Nova Scotia, except such as have been carried over from the States. Everybody takes things easily and comfortably. There is no wild rush, and roar, and hurly-burly, as there is here; and as rest is the foremost requisite of a satisfactory and profitable vacation, that's a substantial reason.

"Third: It is the land of scenery. From Yarmouth to the uttermost point of the Cape, it is scenery wherever you go. Where will you find anything so beautiful as the Basin of Annapolis? Or orchards of apples so red as grow upon its banks? Where such a land of enchantment as the Cornwallis Valley? To stand on the 'Look Off' and cast your eye over that supernal landscape, is to be wafted instantly into fairyland. Nowhere else is there such extraordinary variety. Yarmouth county has two hundred and fifty lakes; Mahone Bay has three hundred and sixty islands. The land all seems to run to water, and the water all runs to land. Whenever you get up a hundred feet, you can see lakes and rivers in every direction; whenever you get down on the level again, there are cool, green hills all about you. The whole peninsula is as full of scenery as it can hold.

"Fourth: And then there are so many things to do. There's always boating. It is impossible to get very far away from water. And there's always fishing of the finest sort. A hundred trout in a day is such poor work that nobody speaks of it. I knew a girl that sat on the wharf at Digby and caught a cod that weighed twenty-seven pounds. And then

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there's bathing ; you can have it as cold as the North Pole, if you like that kind, or as warm as the Gulf Stream ; for they have a sort of natural Russian bath system in sundry parts of Nova Scotia, which makes the water a simmering delight. And then the roads are hard and smooth, and for the most part approximately level, so that a man can do fifty miles on a bicycle every day without the slightest fatigue. And as for walking and driving, they are everywhere ; and if worst comes to worst, you can always eat. Nova Scotia air gives you an appetite like an anaconda, which is not at all decreased by the scalloped eel and haddock, and other fishy delicacies that you find there as you find them nowhere else.

"Fifth : There is so much history in that country. There is old Annapolis that was full of houses and people before Boston had been dreamed of. And it's such romantic history, too ; almost every town has its old fort and its old block house, where the English and the French and the Indians were cutting one another's throats for a matter of a hundred and fifty years. Longfellow made a great hit with his *Evangeline*, but there's plenty of other material just as good lying around everywhere.

"Sixth : And then it's a complete change. You've done the Adirondacks and the White Mountains, and Old Orchard Beach, and Narragansett, till you could find your way around any of them, backward, blindfolded, at midnight. You want something new. Now, if there's anything newer than Nova Scotia, I don't know what it is. The novelty begins the minute you start ; for, instead of the hot and dusty rail, you have a delightful ocean voyage. Then it's a foreign country, too ; and when you return, you can tell your friends that you've been abroad.

"Seventh : And the inexpensiveness of it all. That's a good, cogent reason—or ought to be—with every sensible man. It costs less than ten dollars to get to Yarmouth and back, on the finest boat that leaves Boston Harbor ; and after you once get in Nova Scotia, you can live at the best hotels, wherever you go, for a dollar and a half to two dollars and a half a day ; and if you stay a week, they'll only charge you from seven to twelve dollars ; and if times have been so hard with you that you can't afford this enormous figure, there are plenty of cosy little boarding-houses that will welcome you with open arms at your own price.

" Eighth " —

" That will do," I exclaimed ; " that's enough. I haven't time to listen to the others ; I pack up immediately for Nova Scotia."

And I did. Instead of taking my vacation on the old beaten grounds, I went to Nova Scotia ; and when I came back, I was pronounced worse than those who had preceded me. I talked of nothing else to everyone I met, till finally a good-humored friend, half in jest and two-thirds in earnest, and very largely in self-defence, broke out, " Say, see here, what makes you waste all this? Why don't you write a book?"

It came to me like an inspiration ; and I have written a book. A little one, to be sure ; but still, if anyone wants to know where the most delightful, the most satisfying, the most completely filling vacation land in all the world is to be found, and would like a few helpful hints and serviceable suggestions born of personal experience, I am so immodest as to believe that the few succeeding pages may be of interest to him.

THE AUTHOR.



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BEAUTIFUL NOVA SCOTIA,

THE QUEEN OF VACATION LANDS.

THE first question that arises, in starting for Nova Scotia on a vacation trip, is how to get there. This is a question not at all difficult to answer. In fact, nature seems to have answered this herself. For, if you will look upon the map, you will notice that one end of that most pleasing province has been thrust right down towards Boston, as if to make it as inviting and as accessible to the overworked and weary people of New England as possible. It is always a good plan to begin every undertaking at the beginning, and a tour of Nova Scotia can with great propriety be begun at the beginning. This, as you will see, glancing again at the map, is Yarmouth.

It is the nearest point in the province,—in truth “the gateway,” as it has long been called.

The desirability of going to this point first is greatly increased by the fact, that the best coasting boats that leave Boston



YARMOUTH LIGHT.

harbor are those that ply between that city and the city of Yarmouth. They are two in number, the "Boston" and the "Yarmouth," and they are both as staunch and strong as anything that floats. One has travelled back and forth between these points only two seasons, while the other is some four years older in this laudable work. They are steel steamers, built on the famous Clyde, in Scotland, where the best boats are built. The "Boston" has a keel two hundred and forty-five feet long, and is thirty-five feet abeam. She has a triple-expansion engine of four thousand horse-power, and three double boilers and two smoke-stacks, so that she would be still able to go ahead, even if an accident were to happen to any part of her machinery. Her speed is seventeen to eighteen knots an hour. The "Yarmouth" is a trifle smaller than the "Boston," but equally staunch and swift and seaworthy. Both boats have some eighty staterooms which are handsomely fitted up in every particular, lighted with electricity, and equipped with every convenience that the newest and most expensive boats can have. Both have large and commodious dining-rooms on the main deck and saloons for general use, smaller cabins set apart as reception-rooms for the ladies, and smoking-rooms for the gentlemen; and all of these apartments are finished in mahogany and upholstered in Utrecht velvet. They are said by experienced travellers to be altogether the finest boats that put out from Boston with the possible exception of one or two of the larger European steamers.

It is a very interesting sight to drop down to Lewis Wharf at noon on the sailing days, when these steamers are starting out with their burden of vacationists for Nova Scotia. There are just as many friends to see the voyagers off, and as many lingering goodbyes, as if the voyage were to Liverpool, instead of a seventeen-hour voyage to Yarmouth; for an ocean sail is an ocean sail, and a foreign land is a foreign land, however far or however near.

The pleasure of witnessing the starting of one of these boats, however, is a very mild sort of enjoyment, compared with the pleasure of participating therein,—of being yourself one of the happy voyagers. For the first hour after leaving the dock, your attention will naturally be engrossed with the sights of Boston harbor; a beautiful harbor, with much to see. There are the forts, old Independence, formidable Warren, and the others; the green islands with their various



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Light-house at Point Prim - Digby.

R.A. Supply Co.
Boston



reformatory institutions ; the excursion steamers bound for Hull or Nantasket ; and the pleasure yachts, the most beautiful craft in the world, coming or going, or lying at anchor. But the "Boston" and the "Yarmouth" are speedy craft, and one does not have much time to linger over the passing show. He is soon down past the lighthouse, with Nantasket fading away at the south, and Nahant melting away in the west. Then comes dinner.

The dinner that is provided on these excellent steamers makes one exceedingly regret that the next morning will see him at the end of his voyage, and that no repetition of that most generous and appetizing meal is to be enjoyed. If you have been to Europe on any of the ocean greyhounds, you know how well they treat you at the dinner table. And yet the stewards of many a European steamer might receive profitable instructions from the *chefs* of the Yarmouth boats. They are masters of their art.

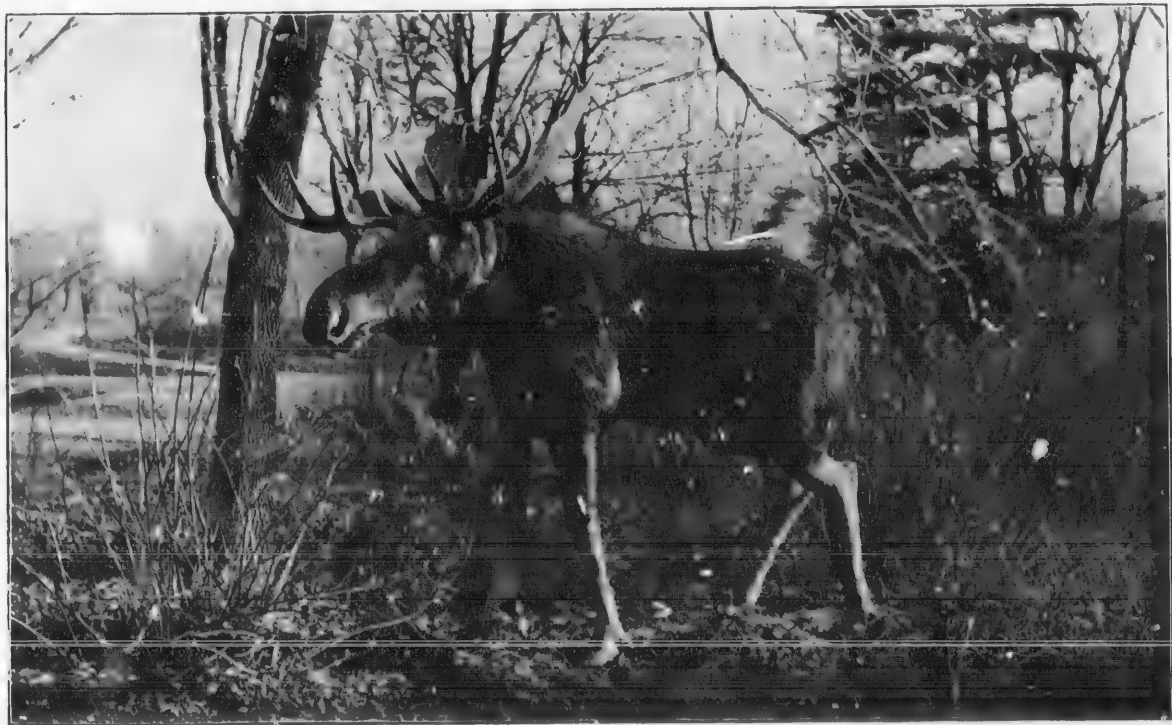
The minute dinner is finished, you will of course be on deck again ; and the next ten hours, if you have anything like the good fortune that I had, will be hours of uninterrupted delight. Some very kind friends, on being informed that I was going to Yarmouth, vouchsafed the pleasing prophecy that I would be deathly sick. I feared myself that I might, being but an indifferent sailor ; but both the prophecy and the fear were as remote from realization as the north is from the south. A calmer sea and a more unruffled sail could not be imagined. One could have paddled across in a canoe, as far as the condition of the water was concerned. "Do you often have a sea like this?" I asked of the captain. "We've had six weeks of it," he replied. Of course, no man is vain enough to attempt to predict the condition of the ocean months ahead ; but if the afternoon of my trip was a fair sample of six continuous weeks, I can commend the Yarmouth sail to the most delicate and susceptible of people. If they are seasick, it is because they have other provocation than the motion of the boat.

Notwithstanding the generous attention that one is provoked to offer to the dinner, he finds at the tinkling of the supper bell that he again enjoys his appetite unimpaired ; for the salt breezes of the ocean are great appetizers. But let no voyager linger too long at the table, lest he miss the sunset.

Now, it is not my intention to describe a sunset at sea. It has been attempted by a number of people, with the most dismal failure. I thought at first, when the sun began to near the water's edge, and grow big and golden, that I should certainly have to write something about it; but as the great ball of fire dipped into the water, and the clouds along the horizon one after another took fire, burning from blazing red to deeper crimson, then turning to purple, and as the sun disappeared from sight, falling away into dull gray, like great heaps of ashes, I immediately made up my mind that when the Almighty paints a sunset upon the celestial canvas of mingled sky and sea, dipping the brush into the fire and the gold of the declining sun, it is not for puny man to attempt its description. It is sacrilege, for one thing; and for another, it is impossible. I never saw but one thing in all my life that equalled that sunset, — and that was the sunset of the return trip.

You are likely to prolong the evening on deck as far as possible, enjoying the starlight and the phosphorescence of the waves, so that when you do finally nestle into your luxurious berth, you will sleep like a log. You will be lucky, in fact, if you wake up in time to see the Yarmouth lighthouse, with its great, broad, perpendicular stripes of white and red. You will miss something, however, if you are not up at that time, and up on deck watching the big steamer nose her way cautiously up the sinuous channel. A few minutes later, you will be at the Yarmouth dock; but early as it is, you will find Yarmouth awake.

In fact, Yarmouth is very much awake; it is the widest awake town in Nova Scotia. Being the nearest point to Boston and New England, there is quite a little Yankee ozone in the Yarmouth air. They have electric cars there, for instance, which you will find nowhere else in Nova Scotia; and there is an air of bustle and activity about the place that will easily confirm you in the delusion that you are still in New England; a delusion, however, which will be dispelled when you thoughtlessly drop into the post-office and try to buy some postal cards with an American nickel. They will ask you for Canadian money. Barring post-offices, however, you will find that good American money is welcomed equally with the Canadian money almost everywhere you go. You will, in fact, find Yarmouth so very much up to



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the times that it has got an hour ahead. This will strike you as a trifle previous ; but you may just as well put your watch forward first as last, or you will find yourself eating at second table all through your trip.

If, in your hurried flight, you have forgotten to get sundry things in Boston, you can get them just as well in Yarmouth. Their stores are very well stocked ; you will find everything you want to read, or wear, or use in any way.

There are a number of thriving industries in this little city of eight thousand people ; woollen mills, iron foundries, and other manufactures, including a cotton-duck sail factory which sends its products all over the world, and is famous for the excellence of its work. But of course, being on a vacation, you don't care for anything connected with work ; you want to see the town. And it's well worth seeing. There was a time when Yarmouth built hundreds and hundreds of sea-going ships, and made thousands and thousands of dollars. You will see the fruits of those times in the handsome residences and spacious grounds that you run across all over the city, especially in the outskirts. The handsomest feature of all these places — though they have many handsome features — is the English hedgerow, which is sometimes of hawthorne and sometimes of evergreen. It is sometimes short enough for you to look over, and again it will be twelve or fifteen feet high. It may be cut round or it may be cut square ; in fact, you will find it in endless variety, but you will always find it. If a man has only a few feet of yard, he will have a few feet of hedge. If he has an estate of acres, the beautiful hedge will be all around it. To see the hedgerows of Yarmouth is alone cause sufficient for stopping there at least a few days.

And then there are very many fine drives about the place, especially out to Maitland Beach ; and there is excellent boating in the harbor ; and if it's fish you're after, you can't do better than to get your guide and your outfit in Yarmouth, and just strike some ten miles back to the Tusket Lakes, which are as full of trout as most lakes are of water.

Before leaving Yarmouth, it will be necessary — or at least very proper — for you to select your route for the rest of your trip. Yarmouth is the natural starting point for a trip in any direction. You can take the shore boat and coast along the South Shore to Halifax, or you can take the train from Yarmouth, (and this is the route which most people take,

and which from personal experience, I can most highly recommend) and go along the north shore, stopping at various points of interest till you reach Halifax, staying there as long as that delightful old town continues to interest you, and then you can either push on, if you have plenty of leisure, up into Cape Breton, or you can come back to Yarmouth by boat, coasting along the rugged, romantic, and most interesting South Shore, and thus make a complete circuit without retracing your steps in any way.

We will suppose that you take the train that leaves a couple of hours after the arrival of the boat, on the Dominion Atlantic Railway, running up through Digby, the Annapolis Basin, the "Land of Evangeline," and down to Halifax. You can do this whole trip in a day, if you choose, going through on the "Flying Bluenose," an express that has parlor and buffet cars, and every convenience and luxury that our finest American railroads have. But of course you hardly care to go through in a day; there are too many interesting points to visit.

Leaving Yarmouth at a few minutes after eight in the morning, you skirt along by the Milton Lakes, the little villages of Hebron and Ohio, past Brazil Lake and a number of little French settlements, until, some forty-five miles from your starting point, you come to Weymouth. Weymouth has not been as much visited as it should have been. There is not so very much, perhaps, to occupy one's attention in Weymouth itself, but one should certainly alight there, for it is a most convenient point to reach St. Mary's Bay, and all the beautiful little coves and charming nooks in that sequestered corner. Weymouth is on the Sissiboo River, a short distance from its mouth; and one can take boats here every day, going down the river and across the five-mile stretch of water, to Sandy Cove, over on Digby Neck. This little spot, as well as Mink Cove, always delights the visitor, because of its natural beauty, the superb fishing and boating that it affords, and also for the fact that one can cross over the narrow neck, only a mile wide, to the Bay of Fundy shore, and find himself in a region rich in minerals and precious stones. Many outing parties take their hammers and go in search of the rock-imbedded amethysts, and of agates and cat's-eyes as well, which are picked up along the shore in very considerable quantities. From Weymouth, the Tusket Lakes already mentioned, full of fish and surrounded by wild fowl, are very

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accessible. A hundred ducks a day for a couple of good shots is a very ordinary record in that vicinity, while a moose now and then is taken for granted, and is a part of the sportsman's regular routine.

On leaving Weymouth and resuming one's journey towards the Annapolis Valley, one finds himself immediately in a bolder country; the hills are higher and the valleys deeper. But before he has had much time to study this change of topography, he suddenly swings over a lofty bridge built on a curve, catches a glimpse of water at a distance which speedily widens into a great expanse of dancing blue waves, and a moment later the train stops, and the conductor announces Digby.



BRIDGETOWN, N.S.



HUNTING SCENE IN NOVA SCOTIA.



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QUAINT OLD DIGBY.

"In peaceful slumber here I lye,
Remote from noise and vanity;
Till the blest morning of the just
Reanimates my sleeping dust."



If any one will sacrilegiously clamber over the low fence of the old English churchyard in Digby and look around from stone to stone, he will soon come across one mellow with age that bears this epitaph. It is so accurately descriptive of Digby itself, that it may with propriety be used at the head of this chapter. "In peaceful slumber here I lye, remote from noise and vanity," describes Digby to a dot. It is the most peaceful, serene, and slumberous place imaginable; and its remoteness from noise and vanity cannot even be guessed at till one finds himself there.

Digby was first settled by the French, probably two hundred years ago. Afterwards, fugitive loyalists from the victorious thirteen States found it a good place to locate in, and located there. But for some years Digby has been owned by the summer boarder; it capitulated over a decade ago;



ROAD TO ACACIA VALLEY, DIGBY, N.S.

and now, through July and August, it is his own. There are, all told, some dozen pretentious and unpretentious hotels, large and small, which are filled to overflowing with American vacationists; and a more delightful place in which to pass a vacation, a more picturesque, quaint, breezy, and restful little spot, could not well be imagined. In the first place, there are the views, to be had from any point, but especially attractive from the hilltop above the village, where the reach of vision up the beautiful Basin is simply magnificent. The view from the end of the long pier is also charming in its variety. Before you lies the deep blue Basin which every one who has been there says looks like another Bay of Naples. Off to the north, cut clean and sheer, through the eternal rock of old North Mountain, is Digby Gap, between whose high, bold walls the great Fundy tides come rushing in and out. Just back of the gap Beaman's Mountain rises up like the top of a sugar loaf; and if any one wants good muscular exercise, he can be commended to attempt its summit. It is not very high, as mountains go with us in this country, being only seven hundred feet, but it is steep and rugged. Under the base of the mountain is the Racquette, the big mouth of a small river. Here the Indians are camped all through the summer in their scant litt' wigwams. Then back of the pier rests the delightful little village, clinging to the hillside, and seeming on the point of slipping off, with head on the hilltop and feet in the water; while over to the right are "the Joggins," the wide, red shoals where the tide, as it rushes in, gets so heated racing along over the hot sand, that one may bathe in the water with as comfortable a sensation as if it were in the Gulf of Mexico. And over beyond "the Joggins" is the entrance to Acacia Valley; and still further to the right, Bear River and Bear Island. It is a view as varied as it is beautiful.

There is excellent boating, also, at Digby. One can venture out upon the broad Basin in a rail canoe, if he choose, so quiet is the water; and yet it is deep enough for the largest ocean steamers that float. There is good fishing, too; and one may drop a line almost anywhere with the assurance of receiving a quick reply.

One sees here, as he saw at Yarmouth, and will see everywhere else in this part of Nova Scotia,—or smell, if he does not see,—the redolent codfish spread out on the flakes in infinite number, basking in the sun. Digby is a great

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fishing centre ; they send out from here every year vast quantities of cod and haddock, and halibut, and lobsters, and that exceedingly delicate kind of fish, with which most New Englanders are entirely unacquainted, the finnan haddie. There is also shooting in this vicinity, of a character to please the most ardent sportsman. One can in the season — that is, in the fall, and in the winter, if he chooses to take a winter ride — get all the partridges in a day that he can carry ; and snipe, and teal, and woodcock, and rabbits, and foxes, to say nothing of an occasional moose, and now and then a wildcat. Digby Neck is full of these things.

Not to take a drive while in Digby is distinctly to neglect one of its greatest attractions. The six-mile drive down to Point Prim Lighthouse, at the west of Digby Gap, is one full of delight from beginning to end ; for one is ever catching a glimpse of the waters through the trees. And the lighthouse itself, the breeziest place along the shore, is well worth a visit. Then there is the drive into Acacia Valley, the daintiest little dream of a place, a valley in miniature ; and the still longer drive down Digby Neck, or to Weymouth, or up along the Basin to Annapolis.

But one cannot stay at Digby forever—at least, not in this flying trip that we are taking. The railroad ride from Digby to Annapolis is one to bring out all the latent enthusiasm in one's being. You get into Digby over one curved bridge, you get out of it over four. Long after one has left the little village, he continues to skirt around capes and promontories, from which, across the waters of the Basin, he still sees Digby beckoning him back. The views along this ride are exceedingly distracting, and can really be thoroughly enjoyed only by a man who is supremely cross-eyed ; because there are places where you don't know whether to look to the right or to the left, and finally conclude that you must do both ; as, for instance, when you pass through the foot of Acacia Valley, having that at your right, and a magnificent view of Digby Gap at your left. This experience is repeated at Bear River, where one is simply compelled to look all ways at once.

This piece of road from Digby to Annapolis, though only twenty miles long, was talked about for twenty years before it was built, and then it was left for the Government to do ; for it passes over so many bridges and through so many cuts that

it is a particularly expensive piece of railway, costing, in fact, considerably over half a million dollars. The shore is simply a series of indentations. As a wag, sitting at my side, remarked, "This road has more wind than a Waterbury watch." You begin now to notice the apple orchards, for of course everybody knows that the finest apples in the world come from Nova Scotia; and even if you weary of watching the ever-extending rows of trees, the scarlet and crimson fruit flaming like fire amid the dark green leaves, there is always the beautiful Basin, which you will perceive, as you journey up the shore, changing its color from a dark blue to a sombre red; and over beyond that, always pushing on ahead as far as one can see, rises great North Mountain. Here, also, one first begins to notice the dykes, which are built along the shore of the Basin and by the banks of the contributory streams, shutting out the tide from the meadow lands, and giving the farmer a soil of such richness that he has little to do but sit around while Nature does the work, and then in the autumn go out and gather the harvest. But soon, having crossed bridges enough to have gone from Boston to Chicago, you descry a little town ahead of you, and a moment later you are in Annapolis.



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ANCIENT ANNAPOLIS.

IT is with no slight feeling of awe that one approaches the second oldest town upon the American continent,—for such is Annapolis. This feeling of awe, however, is mellowed considerably by the resonant clangor of the dinner bell that greets our approach to this ancient and most interesting municipality. It is a welcome sound, however, for one cannot live entirely on scenery and sentiment. The vigor with which the bells are rung indicates that the good people in the vicinity of the station, manifesting a hospitality which one will find everywhere in the province, do not intend that the itinerant stranger from "the States" shall go unfed.

After dinner, one starts forth to see the town. The first spot which everyone visits is the old fort, which is still in a sufficient state of preservation to convey a fair idea of its departed glory. One still has to walk across a bridge over the old moat to get within the earthworks. There he will find the old officers' quarters, now inhabited by the dusky care-takers whose ancestors doubtless came many years ago from Barbadoes. There, too, is the old French magazine, built in 1741; and there is the subterranean passage through which a garrison too hard pressed might



ANNAPOLIS RIVER

have escaped. And oldest and most interesting of all, just at the edge of the fort, is the old pier, built in 1649, the oldest pier in America. From the embankments of the fort one can see the hilltops, where the French, when driven out by



GRANVILLE STREET, BRIDGETOWN, N.S.

the English, took their last stand and made their last fight. The old graveyard, which is also in the fort, is a very interesting spot to visit; and one will see some quaint old headstones there, with dates now nearly two hundred years in the past.

By keeping along the main street past the fort, one comes to the court house, with an enormous willow in front which, I have excellent authority for saying, is over eighteen feet in circumference, having myself measured it. Further down the street are many exceedingly handsome residences, for there was a time when the people of Annapolis, like the people of Yarmouth, built many ships and made much money. There is, in fact, a very conspicuous savor of aristocracy about the place; it is decidedly English.

There are many delightful drives in this vicinity, one that they call the "Three Bridges Road" leading by the Indian village, and another to Young's Mountain, seven miles away, from which the most extensive view may be obtained; and another to the Le Quille River, where the original French located their fort, and where traces may still be seen of the first sawmill ever built on American soil, erected two hundred years ago.

Annapolis, however, does not live entirely in the past. It exports large quantities of fish and fruit. In fact, in Annapolis will be found the first plant for the artificial drying of fish by evaporation ever established. There is now another plant of this sort in Halifax.

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Resuming one's journey, the tourist immediately enters the famous Annapolis Valley, one of the most fertile spots on North American soil. It stretches away fifty miles or so along the banks of the Annapolis River, a natural conservatory, being perfectly protected by the North Mountain that rises several hundred feet above it, and stands as an effectual barrier against the icy winds of the north. The soil in this valley, much of it reclaimed from tide water, is exceedingly fertile; and the orchards through which one constantly passes are heavy with fruit as the harvest approaches. You pass through Bridgetown, a thrifty little village where the railway crosses the Annapolis River, after passing pretty little Paradise, and soon you come to Middleton, famous alike for its mineral springs and for the fact that here the Dominion Atlantic road is met by the Nova Scotia Central, which cuts straight across the country through a region of great picturesqueness, coming out at Bridgewater and Lunenburg on the southern shore, two spots that one must certainly visit upon the return trip, if not at the present time. Thirty miles further on, after having traversed the whole length of the beautiful valley, you come to Kentville.

Kentville is a thoroughly English little town. Perhaps even more so than Annapolis, for at Kentville a number of retired army officers have taken up their residence; and between their tennis and the various other gaieties that they have introduced, they give the town quite an English air. Whether the influence of this military leisure class is the best for the young people in the place may be left for discussion; but, to the tourist, it gives the town a distinct charm. It is, however, an enterprising little town, and the Dominion Atlantic Railway has selected it for its headquarters, and located all its offices and shops there. Kentville is in the midst of a very fine fruit-growing and farming country. They have, in fact, an apple tree just a few miles out of the place which for many years has borne from twenty-five to thirty bushels of apples — a record that may well challenge the apple trees of the world. There is a handsome exhibition building in the town, where exhibitions of the beautiful Gravenstein, Astrakhan, and other apples, various other fruits, and a variety of vegetables, is given every fall.

ENCHANTING CORNWALLIS.



UT perhaps the best thing in Kentville—to drop into a Hibernicism—is some thirteen miles out. That is the magnificent view from the “Look Off.” To reach it, one must take the Cornwallis Valley Branch of the Dominion Atlantic Railway, running up the Cornwallis Valley and through the “Garden of Nova Scotia.” This ride will take you a little over half an hour, and you will find yourself repaid a thousand-fold. It is best, perhaps, not to go clear to the terminus, which is Kingsport, a pretty little place on the Minas Basin, but rather to leave the train at Canning, a few miles before reaching Kingsport. At Canning a liveryman will be found, only too glad to convey the tourist to “Look Off,” some five miles away.

There is a constant temptation, as you begin to ascend the mountain side, to turn and watch the view broaden and lengthen as you mount upward; but it is best to withstand the temptation, and to turn a cold shoulder to the landscape until the summit is reached. Then what a vision! Beautiful! Vast! Sublime! Seven hundred feet below you lies the Cornwallis Valley, stretching away to the westward mile after mile till it melts away beyond distant Kentville, in the misty valley of Annapolis. A little to your left, the faint echo of their myriad voices but faintly heard, are the red waves of the turbulent Basin, whose uneasy tides are ever ebbing and flowing, daily mounting fifty, sixty, and sometimes seventy feet up the steep side of neighboring Blomidon. Far to the south, directly before you, a round dozen miles away, runs the South Mountain, which forms the southern wall of the valley. But between the “Look Off” and the distant southern range, in that valley of twelve miles of width and thrice as much in length, lies one of the fairest garden spots in all the round circle of the earth. Six rivers follow their winding course through this fertile tract; at your feet the Pereau, next the Habitant, with

Canning on its banks, and beyond that the Canard and Cornwallis, the Gaspereau, and far away to the south the Avon. When the tide is high you will see these streams brimming the dykes that close them in, and rushing in and out with the rise and fall of the tide in swollen torrents. But if the tide is out, they will appear like little threads of silver, creeping stealthily along at the bottom of their dark red beds.

Between the high-dyked banks of these irrigating streams lie undulating meadows, green with a verdure of the rarest depth and richness. Sleek cattle graze lazily in infinite content, and big barns with wide open doors foretell the wealth of treasure that winter will find stored within their walls. Here and there on the rising ground thick rows of apple trees, bending beneath the ripening fruit, groan under their burden, telling of the wonderful richness of the soil beneath. There are as many towns as rivers, also, distinctly visible from where you stand,—Kingsport and Canning, Kentville and Port Williams, and away across the

Basin Wolfville, and little Grand Pré, modestly nestling in its meadows, the most famous of all Nova Scotia towns.

As you stand on the lofty "Look Off" drinking in this magnificent range of vision,—the great, far-reaching waters of the bay, the broad valley smiling in the languid sunlight, its green meadows glistening here and there with the dancing



MILL BRIDGE, KENTVILLE, N.S.

waters of its ubiquitous rivers, with everywhere the gleaming white houses of the farmers dotting the landscape, and here and there the little clustered village with its unvarying spire,—the scene is one that holds the eye in rapt delight, and one that will linger pleasantly in the memory till the end of time.

If you have a spare day on your hands, it will well repay you to climb Blomidon itself, which is a ride of a dozen miles or so further on. This excursion can easily be made in a day from Canning or from Kingsport. The view from Blomidon is more extended than from "Look Off," though not so beautiful. From Blomidon one may look away across the swollen tides of Fundy to the shores of distant New Brunswick. But if one cannot see both, let him by all means choose "Look Off." It is sublime.

From this point the tourist should proceed to Kingsport. On his way thither he will see pieces of landscape and seascape that for picturesqueness of detail cannot be found elsewhere. This is especially true of the view across the Pereau Valley and River, where the mighty Blomidon rises up in the background like a giant sentinel.

Continuing to Kingsport, the terminus of the Cornwallis Valley Branch Railway, he will here find a seaside resort which has aptly been named the Newport of Nova Scotia. Between Kingsport and Parrsboro, on the Cumberland shore, the Evangeline Navigation Company's elegant steamer "Evangeline" makes daily trips across the Basin of Minas. This glorious sheet of water with its distant landscape is enchanting beyond description. Passing under the shadow of Blomidon, with its height of over six hundred feet, rising up in places almost perpendicular, the view is one of sublime grandeur. Only from the deck of the steamer can the immensity of Blomidon be fully realized. Further on Cape Split, Cape d'Or, Isle of Haute, Partridge, and the Five Islands are rapidly unfolded to view, forming a combination of magnificent and charming scenery of land and sea that one never tires of, nor ever forgets.

G. W. Penniman of the "Boston Traveller" thus describes it: "The trip over the 'Evangeline Route' to Parrsboro, across the Basin of Minas, is one of the finest in America, and is worth going across a Continent to enjoy."

Straight across the valley from towering "Look Off" is Wolfville. To reach it, one must take the train back to

Kentville, whence a seven-mile ride on the main line of the Dominion Atlantic will bring him to this pretty little place. The tourist should by all means make a stop at Wolfville, for sundry reasons. It is, to begin with, a most charming little village, old and pastoral and serene. If one is a good Baptist, he will want to continue his stay there for some time; for Wolfville is nothing if not Baptist. It has a Baptist college for men, the main building of which will cause a patriotic thrill in the heart of every true American, for its strong resemblance—in miniature—to the national capitol at Washington. And then there is a collegiate institution for young ladies, just across a winding road from

the men's college; and further down the hill are the manual training schools and the academy for boys, all of which institutions belong to the Baptist denomination. One hears good reports of these schools all over the country, and students go thither from the remotest corners of the peninsula, and some few from "the States," because of the healthfulness of the locality.

One gets his best impression of the dykes in this part of the country when he first steps off the train at Wolfville,



MAIN STREET, KENTVILLE, N.S.

for the great meadow that lies before the station is shut out from the Basin by a dyke that must be all of fifteen feet in height. If it ever gives way, one had better take to the hillside.

The chief charm of Wolfville, however, is the magnificent view to be had from "the Ridge," a very high crown of land that runs along back of the town. It is rarely given to the sight-seer to get such variety in a landscape. As he stands upon this eminence and looks to the north, he sees the town of Wolfville immediately before him; the valley of Cornwallis stretching out to the west; great Blomidon eighteen miles away, rising stern and forbidding over the water, and the Minas Basin, rolling away mile after mile, and lost in the distant shores of Cumberland and Colchester. Turning around and looking to the south, he sees a view as unlike as possible to the bold sweep he has just enjoyed. Here at his feet lies the Gaspereau Valley, certainly the most peaceful and sequestered nook on earth. It looks like a child's panorama, with its little houses and barns, and numberless trees, all so hushed in the brooding summer air; for while the breeze always plays about you on the hilltops, these little sheltered Nova Scotia valleys seem always to be as undisturbed as if painted upon inanimate canvas. The Gaspereau River, chrruping demurely through the village, seems the only thing in motion. You will probably enjoy this scene even more than the more extended one towards the Basin and Blomidon, and you will be very loath to leave the hilltop that looks down on sleeping Gaspereau. To get the best view here, you will have to scale the fence and trespass upon private property; but no one will take offence at this. Even the dogs in Nova Scotia bark more in welcome than in remonstrance. Fences are a mere convention in this part of the world: you can keep either side of them you choose. It may, after all, be doing the intending tourist no kindness to point out to him the Gaspereau Valley; for the sensation of leaving that most delightful spot is one of such keen regret, and the constant recurrence of the mind in after days to this enchanted vale provokes such a continued desire to return there, that perhaps, after all, he is best off who passes by the spot, ignorant of its existence.



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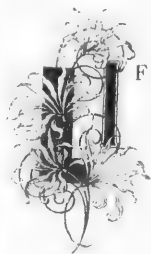
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THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley."



If one has his choice, the best way to go from Wolfville to Grand Pré is to drive, passing over the bridge down into the Gaspereau Valley, and following the river down towards its mouth, then climbing the hill, again to descend into the broad meadow of Grand Pré. But if one hasn't time for this little side excursion, the railroad will quickly cover the three intervening miles from Wolfville to the famous little village behind the dykes.

It is indeed a callous and worldly heart that does not beat more quickly on approaching the spot where the ancient Acadian village once stood; the spot where was enacted one of the cruellest tragedies of history; a spot embalmed in imperishable verse that has moved the heart of all the civilized world to a sorrowing sympathy for the simple Acadian farmers who were so ruthlessly driven from their homes, and scattered in remote quarters, exiles and wanderers over the earth.



GRAND PRÉ, HOME OF EVANGELINE



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It is almost literally true, as Longfellow wrote, that "naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand Pré." Still you will find on inquiry that though the Acadian village was razed to the ground by the English on that fateful morning a hundred and fifty years ago, there remain to this day many traces of French occupation. The present village, back on the hillside, does not occupy exactly the same site as the old French village; but the little station at which you alight is doubtless almost in the very heart of the spot where the Acadians once lived. Scarcely more than a stone's throw from the station is the well which was discovered by some diggers after gold a few years ago. This was cleared out, and its presence is now indicated by a rude board curbing. This was undoubtedly a part of the Acadian village, as the oldest resident in the vicinity can recall no habitation in its neighborhood. They call this "Evangeline's Well," and it is by no means improbable that the beautiful daughter of Benedict drew water from its depths, in common with the other villagers. Very near the well are traces of a broad foundation, the dimensions of which have led people to suppose that here stood the village chapel, into which the farmers were gathered by deceit on that fatal September morn. One fairly conclusive indication that this was the village church is found in the fact, that some eight or ten years ago a coffin was discovered but a few feet away, by some other gold searchers. Although this had been under the ground unquestionably a century and a half, it was still sufficiently preserved to hold together while being carried to the station some rods away. It is also not unlikely that the smithy of Basil was in this immediate neighborhood, for there were exhumed from the old well several hammers and tongs and other implements of that craft. Possibly they were thrown here by the soldiers, who thought that they were too dangerous weapons to leave lying around among a people that had so grave a grievance. Just beyond the old church foundation and the well runs a long line of old French willows; while starting from this vicinity, and stretching up the side of the hill, is what is known as "the old French lane," still bordered with ancient willows, under whose spreading branches are still to be seen the outlines of the foundations of the happy homes of a century and a half ago. From the top of this lane, one gets a beautiful view of the spreading expanse of dyke lands first enclosed by the industrious Acadians two centuries back, and protected in front

by low lying Long Island : and above and beyond the meadow, the Basin of Minas stretching away to Blomidon, nearly a score of miles away, and to Parrsboro and the northern shore of the Basin still further distant. This is the place, under one of the wide spreading apple trees, where you should take out your copy of "Evangeline," and read that sad but beautiful story with the scene of its enactment spread out before your gaze.

No wonder the Acadians were blithe, and that they lived in peace and content, for this must have been a veritable land of plenty. I saw with my own eyes a little apple orchard which bore for its owner a hundred barrels of apples to the acre, to say nothing of a considerable quantity of plums and pears that were growing here and there side by side with the apples.

The old church of the Covenanters, back on the hill, has nothing to do with Evangeline's times : it is of somewhat later date. But it is the most ancient and time-worn edifice to be seen in all this locality, and it is a quaint and — if one may so speak without being charged with sacrilege — most amusing structure. One must certainly get inside it, if not by the front door, at least by the way which many tourists have adopted, of clambering in an open window at the rear. It is so small a church that, as the preacher stood up in his lofty pulpit reached by winding stairs, he might almost have made the mistake, in putting down his notes, of laying them on the railing of the gallery in front or at either side instead of on the pulpit, for the three surrounding galleries are but a good arm's reach away. The old church, however, is rapidly going to pieces under the remorseless tooth of time : and doubtless there will soon be there, as there is where the old Acadian chapel once stood, nothing but the traces of the foundation.



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WINDSOR AND ITS MAGICAL RIVER.



SOON after leaving Grand Pré you cross the mouth of the Gaspereau River, at which you will look with great interest, regretting that you can give it only a hurried glance, as it was from this spot that the Acadian peasants embarked on the English ships, to be borne into exile. The rest of the fifteen-mile ride, which carries one to Windsor, is very picturesque, being for the most part along the water's edge, where the green of the trees and the grass is ever mingling with the red waves of the tide. Soon, however, the train sweeps over an iron bridge, across the Avon River by which it has skirted so persistently, and you alight at Windsor.

There are many features of interest in this enterprising little place. Foremost—or at least nearest at hand—is old Fort Edward, named after the Duke of Kent, the father of Her Majesty, Victoria, who took up his official residence in this part of the world something like a hundred years ago, and left marks of his distinguished presence in many localities. It has been many years since Fort Edward was put to any practical



FALL RIVER, NEAR HALIFAX.



Shipyard at Kingsport

Threshing Grain
NEAR CANNING.

Acacia Valley
NEAR DIGBY.



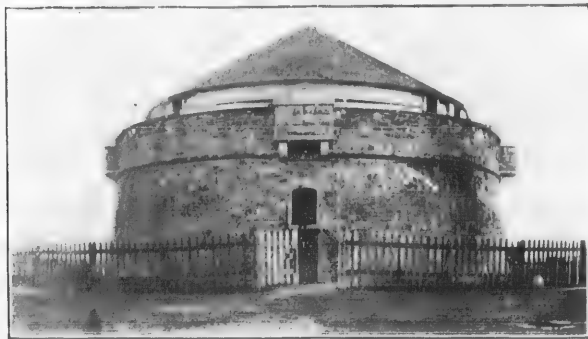
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use, but it serves as an admirable site from which to get a good idea of the town and surrounding country. The fort is immediately above the station, and a moment's climb, scaling a fence or two, will bring one to the top of the ancient battlements. Here two or three rude seats have kindly been provided, so that the sight-seer may rest himself and gaze at leisure. Immediately in front, over the roof of the station, is the Avon River, a goodly stream if caught at the right moment; long and deep and wide, flowing away northward towards the Basin. At the right is the St. Croix River, from whose banks, two miles further up, come great quantities of gypsum, some 150,000 tons of which are shipped every year to New York for plaster. Walking around the fort to the rear, one gets a fairly good view of the town of Windsor, nestling in a valley, with its principal business section along the water's edge. It is then in order to descend from the fort, walk through the main streets of the town, to the beginning of Park Street. There a narrow plank walk takes one straight up to the celebrated estate of Judge Haliburton, who was one of the most distinguished jurists in the province, but more widely known in his day and generation by his *nom de plume* of "Sam Slick." This old estate is well worth visiting, not only because of the unique personality of its original owner, but because it is a typical English estate, with wide acres, and groves, and orchards. The house itself, which is some distance from the road and screened by trees, is only a story in height; but it covers considerable ground, and, resting upon an eminence, presents quite an imposing effect.

By passing the old "Sam Slick" place, and continuing on the narrow board walk another half mile, you come to King's College, which is certainly worth a visit, being the oldest educational institution in Nova Scotia. It is not as old as Harvard, to be sure, but it was founded one hundred and six or seven years ago, and the original building, a long wooden structure with five entrances, each dignified with a row of fluted Corinthian columns, is still a very imposing sight, resting as it does on the crown of a hill which slopes gently away in front and on either side. The college has a pretty chapel and a library, both of freestone, but its chief charm is its magnificent site. Back of the college is a football field, long and wide and level, where, however, it must be most difficult to attend to the game, so fine is the view in

every direction. Just across a gentle depression is the Church of England school for girls. There is no telephonic communication visible between these two institutions, but the situation certainly offers rare provocation for the establishment of some system of signal service.

Within a few miles of Windsor is a long chain of lakes famous for their trout; but the chief feature of interest in this town is the Avon River, which, as far back as twenty years ago, excited that gentle humorist, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, to the whimsical observation, that it is wonderful how much water improves a river. The Avon River, viewed at the proper time of day, is a superb stream, of ample breadth and most sizable proportions, bearing upon its



MARTELLO TOWER, HALIFAX, N.S.

surface schooners and barques and other craft of equal importance. Seen a few hours later, it is not to be seen at all; it has vanished into thin air; there is no river there, but simply an enormous channel of sandy red mud, with possibly here and there a trickling little rivulet which any child could leap; while the schooners and barques and the brigs are tied firm and taut at the side of the wharf. A river that flows one way half the time and the other way the other half, that at one hour has forty feet of water and seven hours later is as dry as a prairie, is something unique, and is not to be passed hurriedly by.

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ON TO HALIFAX.



THE ride from Windsor to Halifax is in length some forty-five miles, and will consume in time considerably less than two hours. Starting on this journey, one notices immediately the loss of that mingled panorama of land and water that he has enjoyed almost continuously from Digby. The road strikes now away from all rivers and bays, across the country. The scenery is wilder and rougher. There are bridges, but they span ravines rather than rivers. Now and then one sees a little lake, which looks exceedingly cool and blue after the red waters of the high tide region. At Windsor Junction the cars are switched from the tracks of the Dominion Atlantic on those of the Intercolonial road. A delay of a moment or two at this station enables one to get an excellent idea of the exceeding ruggedness and boldness of this locality. Farming here would be a desperate undertaking. But only five miles further on, you will come upon a complete change of scenery. Here you encounter the head of Bedford Basin, one of the prettiest spots imaginable. Unlike most scenes in Nova Scotia, which are much as nature made them, Bedford Basin bears many marks of artificial adornment. The rocky shores have had their rugged lines brought into graceful curves, and the lawns have been graded down to the water's edge, and are smooth and green. One sees handsome houses among the thick trees, and swings in the groves, suggesting picnic rites; and at the station, many people are boarding the train to return to Halifax after their day's outing. The short journey still remaining around the western shore of Bedford Basin is quickly made—in fact too quickly, for it is altogether a charming ride. The waters look so blue after seeing so much of the red water of the Basin of Minas and its tributaries, seaweed is floating on it, and the white gypsum stones along the edge give an additional variety of color. But soon the train passes through small, scattered settlements, and a few minutes later rolls into the capacious station of the Intercolonial road at Halifax.



HALIFAX, N.S., FROM GEORGES ISLAND.

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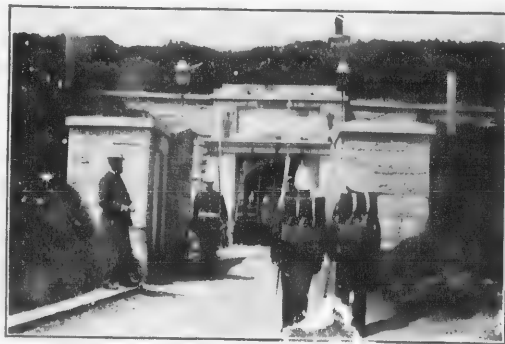
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Nowhere else in the world are the hackmen quite so voluble and vociferous as they are in Halifax, nor do they anywhere else hang so far over the rail which prescribes their limits, to invite the incoming tourists to their particular conveyances. This is not to be attributed to a sordid desire on their part to get your fifty cents for carrying you to the hotel, but it is rather their hearty, honest expression of joy at seeing you, and their robust way of extending a hospitable welcome.

Halifax has a number of very delightful features, among which must be mentioned, in passing, its thoroughly equipped and most attractive hotels, rivalling in comfort, and in luxury too, our own American hostelries. But the best thing about Halifax, without any question, is the Citadel. The Citadel saves you all maps and guide books; it introduces you at once to the whole city and to its inviting environment. The city is spread out on a peninsula some three or four miles long and a mile or more wide; and in the very centre of this peninsula rises the Citadel, nearly three hundred feet high. Here is a fort which in years gone by has been considered most important, and which is still kept up with all the preparation for active warfare, holding within its embattlements two companies of soldiers, with room there, if necessity should require, for the housing of almost all the inhabitants of the city. A walk around the ramparts gives you a view of Halifax and all the different objects of interest it contains. Standing on the southeast bastion, one sees spread before his feet, on the sloping hillside, the older part of the city, with its streets of quaint and picturesque houses, some of them so very, very old.

Not far away to the eastward is old St. Paul's Church, built in Boston a century and a half ago and taken to Halifax to be erected. Just to the north of that is the Parade Ground, which the new city hall stands facing. Below the Parade Ground



ENTRANCE TO CITADEL, HALIFAX, N.S.

a block or two is the old Parliament Building, and near that the Post-Office, with Her Majesty's Ordnance Yard and Dock Yard a little below, on the water side. Across the harbor is beautiful little Dartmouth, with a large asylum crowning the hill-top, where the insane of the province—though why there should be any I can't imagine—are sent. Turning more to the south, one sees immediately in front of him the South Barracks, where two battalions of artillery are stationed. A little to the left of that is handsome St. Mary's Cathedral, while in the immediate vicinity the stately mansion of the Lieutenant-Governor is seen rising out from among the trees. Looking a little more to the right, facing almost directly south, one sees the beautiful Public Garden, as charming a spot as the sun looks upon; and beyond it, stately Dalhousie College, with the Exhibition Building,—used in winter as a skating rink,—and the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and the institutions for the deaf and for the blind clustered in the immediate neighborhood. Looking over these interesting buildings, the eye rests upon a beautiful expanse of foliage, with driveways here and there, and an ancient Martello tower crowning a little hilltop. That is Point Pleasant Park, which holds the foot of the peninsula on which the city is situated, and is washed on its eastern side by the waters of the harbor, and on its western side by the Northwest Arm, a narrow inlet running up three or four miles into the land, and one of the most picturesque and inviting places in the vicinity of Halifax; for it has been made bold and rugged by nature, and by art it has been surrounded by the handsomest of residences and the most beautiful of homes.

Strolling around the Citadel to its western slope, one sees the Athletic Grounds lying immediately before him at the foot of the hill, and the capacious Common, where the soldiers have their stated manoeuvres. Passing around to the north, you see the city stretching along the harbor towards Bedford Basin. Immediately in the foreground is the quaint old Garrison Chapel, where the soldiers attend Church every Sunday morning, with great pomp and circumstance. A mile or so away are the Wellington Barracks, where the greater part of the regiment is housed. A little beyond that is the enormous Dry Dock, between six and seven hundred feet in length, and wide and deep enough to receive the largest vessel that floats the seas. One will be amply repaid for visiting this interesting spot. Out in the harbor, you will probably see several men-of-war at anchor, for it must be remembered that Halifax is not only the headquarters of the British Army in North America, but also

the headquarters for the North American Squadron of Her Majesty's navy. But after circumscribing the crown of the Citadel, you will come back to the southern bastion again, for there the most inviting view is to be had. Beyond the city, at the mouth of the harbor, stretching across like a natural breakwater against the sea, and a defence against all enemies, is MacNab's Island, three miles long and bristling with fortifications. Across the eastern channel, which is too small, however, for any ocean craft, is Fort Clarence; while across the western channel, which is deep and wide, and offers a safe refuge for the largest ships that float, is York Redoubt, a lofty promontory on the top of which, commanding the ocean and the mouth of the harbor, are some of Her Majesty's heaviest and most formidable guns. A little back of MacNab's Island, as if to complete the work of defence of the larger island, is George's Island, also strongly fortified. But one must not stay on the Citadel all day, though the temptation to do so is very great, for there are various points of interest that should be given at least a brief visit.

The old Parliament House, situated a short walk down Sackville Street from the Citadel, was built in 1811, and is said to have been at that time the handsomest and most imposing structure in North America. It is still handsome and imposing; and it is most interesting to visit the chamber of the Legislative Council, and also the chamber across the hall, where the Representatives meet. These bodies convene in February each year and sit only a few weeks, thus setting an excellent example to our loquacious American Congress. In the Legislative Council chamber there are a number of life-size paintings of some very interesting old characters, — handsome George the Third, and beautiful Queen Charlotte, red-faced old Queen Caroline, and that royal fashion plate, George the Second, — while over in the hall occupied by the Representatives are pictures of Joe Howe and Judge Johnstone, who were eminent for their services to the province. A few minutes, also, may be passed in the library most profitably; the collection of books is small, to be sure, but it contains not a few volumes that are to be found nowhere else, not even in our comprehensive Boston Library.

Diagonally across the street from the Parliament House is the Post-Office, which perhaps to the tourist will be chiefly interesting because of the Provincial Museum situated on its upper floor. There is much here to entertain and to instruct.



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But the best time of the week to visit the Post-Office is on Saturday, when the open market convenes on the street in front of the Post-Office, overflowing some distance down Bedford Row. This market is altogether unique and thoroughly delightful. From miles around come men and women, — but chiefly women, — white and black, and Indians with an accompaniment of papooses, all bringing their vegetables and flowers and herbs, and, in the case of the Indians, their little canoes and easels, and other skillful whittlings ; and here they stand on the edge of the sidewalk, from early morning to mid-afternoon, selling to possible purchasers. Probably nowhere else on North American soil will such a unique and extraordinary display of feminine accoutrements be seen. You see women gently proffering their wares who are contentedly arrayed in the styles of two hundred years ago ; and every variety of feminine habiliment may here be seen and duly admired. What with the people who have things to sell, and the citizens of Halifax who have wants to supply, the sidewalk, and in fact a good part of the street, are greatly crowded, and your way through the throng will be fairly slow. But you will not regret the time, it is all so novel and so entirely diverting. You will, in fact, soon find yourself, simply by the contagion of the scene, pricing string-beans, and trying to find the lowest figure at which you can purchase tiger lilies.

After visiting the market Saturday morning, you must be sure to take in the Public Garden in the afternoon, for it is then that the military band plays, and then it is that all Halifax takes a vacation ; that is, even more than the perennial vacation. But even without the band, the Public Garden, with its little lakes, and its running water now disappearing under the earth and now bursting forth again with little rippling cascades, with its handsome trees and varied wealth of flowers, and with those very droll ducks that spot you the minute you take a seat near the lake, and come cantering up inquiring what you have in the eating line, is, taken in its entirety, something to be seen, and being seen to be remembered. And then one must by no means neglect to visit Point Pleasant Park. Its excellent roads are very inviting. Drive in a carriage, or go on a wheel, if you are thus provided. But the park is not large, and perhaps one may enjoy it most walking leisurely. It is unique among parks. It has trees and roads, and paths and pavilions, like other parks ; it has, moreover, a rocky shore all around, as perhaps some few other parks may have ; but it has in addition, unlike any other pleasure ground, three forts, full of soldiers,



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ready for attack at any moment. Besides these fortifications, there are a number of batteries, long since dismantled and dis-used, scattered here and there around the shore, to say nothing of the old Martello tower, which stands upon the highest ground, and is a most massive structure, and filled with the most inviting gloom. One comes upon these fortifications in the most hidden nooks, at the most unexpected places; and they add a pleasure to a jaunt in the park that no pleasure grounds elsewhere can afford.

One cannot, even in so brief a description of Halifax as this, omit the soldier; it would be rank treason, for the soldier is perhaps the most important feature of the whole landscape; he is certainly the most conspicuous. Everywhere you go is the bright red coat, with a sunburned face above it, and the invariable curl above the face, and then the natty little cap. There are about fifteen hundred, all told, infantry, artillery, engineer corps, officers and all, who are connected with Her Majesty's service, and who are stationed at this old garrison town. To see the soldiers march to Garrison Chapel, on Sunday morning, is one of the regulation sights that no one misses; and then to file in after them, and hear them pronounce the service and execute the hymns, in their robust, stentorian voices, is an impressive revelation of vocal possibilities.

Of course, if one has unlimited time, or even a number of weeks, at his disposal, he should take a run up Cape Breton way, through Truro, through New Glasgow and Pictou, which are in the midst of the great iron and steel producing section. He would indeed find it well worth his while to push on to the beautiful Bras d'Or Lake, that wonderful inland sea; and still on to Baddeck, famous alike for the beauty of its scenery and the number of distinguished Americans who make it their annual summer home. A further trip to Prince Edward Island would also prove most attractive.



ALONG THE SOUTH SHORE.

R if one's vacation — and this unfortunately is the case with most of us — is somewhat curtailed, he can't do better when leaving Halifax than to take the "City of St. John" and skirt along the South Shore, leaving plenty of time for several stop-overs before reaching Yarmouth. A glance at our map will show that the south shore of Nova Scotia is fearfully and wonderfully made. The land everywhere pushes out into the water, and the water everywhere pushes back into the land. There has been a fearful struggle going on there for centuries to see which should dispossess the other, the result of which is a coast outline so ragged as to be in fact all in tatters; but it is beautiful, nevertheless, always picturesque, and often exceedingly grand.

As one sails out of Halifax Harbor, he finds enough to keep his eyes busy on every side. At his right, shortly after leaving the wharf, is the beautiful Point Pleasant Park, while on the left he passes George's Island, and later MacNab's Island, both bristling with guns. As he gets down the harbor, he finds on his right that steep, precipitous bluff, on the crown of which stands York Redoubt, partly built in the solid rock and partly screened by a covering of green. On leaving the mouth of the channel, one descends at a little distance to the left Devil's Island, on which it is necessary to have two lighthouses. There is also a life-saving station there. Then the boat turns her prow southwest and you pass Sambro Cape with its lighthouse, and Meagher's Rock, also with its lighthouse. Soon you are steaming along past the mouth of St. Margaret's Bay, one of the most beautiful spots along the shore, and an hour or two later you pass Mahone Bay, at the head of which lies charming Chester. Mahone Bay with three hundred and sixty-five islands, one for every day in the year, and with Mt. Aspotogon frowning over it at the east, and with Oak Island, where Capt. Kidd, the wicked pirate, is supposed to have buried his treasure, is an extremely inviting spot. Oak Island, by the way, has been more dug up than if it contained a

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gold mine. For a hundred years people have been at it with pickaxe and shovel, trying to locate the pirate's bank account. Incredible as it may seem, excavations have been made almost a hundred feet deep in some places; but the Captain's treasure is still safe.

The next considerable place beyond Chester, and the first stopping place the "City of St. John" usually makes, is Lunenburg, one of the prettiest seacoast towns on the North American continent. It is a particularly inviting spot as, sailing up the harbor, you see it resting on its hillside, looking like another and smaller Boston. Lunenburg is an old German settlement; the first houses were built there a good one hundred and fifty years ago, and the descendants of the people who built those houses are living there today. It is a most conservative place, but as hospitable as it is conservative. The stranger is welcomed here with a cordiality that will go right to his heart. It is a thrifty place, and every spring eighty or a hundred schooners sail forth to catch cod and haddock on the fishing banks, to return in the fall, if they have had good luck, with at least two thousand quintals. A quarter of a million quintals are exported from Lunenburg each year.

But perhaps the tourist will not be so much interested in the export of fish as he will in the magnificent view that he can get by a five minutes' climb up the steep street to "Block House Hill," where the foundations may still be seen of the old blockhouse that in the merry days of old kept the wily Indian at bay. The view from this eminence is superb. Spreading



WILD CAT RIVER, QUEENS CO., N.S.

out to the south is the beautiful landlocked harbor, with Point Battery to the left, and Point Moreau across the river, and the famous "Ovens" five miles away, at the entrance to the harbor. To the right, and immediately beneath one's feet, lies the little city, with its new and most imposing court house; with the old English Church, built in Boston in 1754, and with various other public buildings, all speaking of thrift and prosperity. Then turning around and looking back of the city, there is a view entirely different, but equally engaging; for Lunenburg, like Boston, has a back bay, and this back bay, which makes in close under the hill on which the town is situated, is one of the most confusing conglomerations of land and water imaginable. The outlines of the coast are so intricate that one gives up trying to decipher them. It is a beautiful place to take the young student, to give him an object lesson in geography, for nowhere else can he see so many capes and peninsulas, islands and isthmuses, gulfs and straits, and various other divisions of land and water, all in miniature, but all perfect. Looking away over this little island-dotted sheet of water, one can see Mahone Bay in the distance, and the little town of Chester fifteen miles away.

But one should not content himself with standing on the hilltop at Lunenburg. He will miss a great treat if he does not devote some time to the water. There is very fine bathing here, where one can get cold water along the beach beyond Battery Point; or, by stepping over the hill down to the back basin, where the water comes in over the shallows, he can find bathing with a considerably higher temperature. But the boating is the strong attraction at Lunenburg. Its harbor is broad and ample, and yet it is so entirely shut in from the winds and waves of the Atlantic that it is perfectly safe for rowboat or for sailboat. Nothing could be pleasanter than to get aboard one of the swift Lunenburg yachts and sail over to Moreau Point, or "Kaulbach Head," as it is also called, and then to tack back to Battery Point, where the lighthouse stands; and then to veer away to the mouth of the harbor and see the "Ovens," a most interesting spectacle, not to be duplicated elsewhere. "The Ovens" are enormous caverns, some of them one hundred and fifty feet deep and twenty or thirty feet in diameter, which have been worn into the slate cliffs by the beating of the ocean, century after century. Here at "the Ovens" they have found in days gone by a considerable quantity of gold; and men are still engaged in

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washing the sand that comes from the crevices when the tide is low, and though no one is at present growing rich at this occupation, it is sufficiently remunerative to engage the constant attention of a number of people.

Bridgewater, the next place of interest, can be reached from Lunenburg by the Nova Scotia Central Railway. It also has direct communication with Halifax by the steamer "Bridgewater," which makes two trips a week. The sail up the

La Have River is picturesque and charming, and each year is becoming more popular. Bridgewater is quite a different place from Lunenburg. In the first place it is only about fifty years old, and it is not conservative; it is distinctly aggressive. Its business street along the river bank is one of the most bustling localities to be found in the province. They make their money in lumber here, instead of fish, sending out nearly twenty million feet every year of spruce and pine. There is, however, very fine fishing in this vicinity, as a Boston sportsman found, who got up one morning last summer at four o'clock, and, taking an Indian with him, started up the La Have River for an ante-breakfast fish. He returned at nine o'clock carrying, with the assistance of his guide, six salmon, the average weight of which was eighteen pounds. This may sound like a fishy story, but it must be recollected that it was a Boston man that did it.

This is not—it is only proper to add—the usual catch of salmon, but it simply shows what may be done. Two other sportsmen from the States started out from this same town of Bridgewater after trout. They were gone two days; they



A FISHING PARTY AT THE FORKS.

brought back five hundred. This shows what can be accomplished with a discreet use of the rod and reel in this vicinity. If one has time (and if he hasn't, he should take it), he should drive from Bridgewater down the bank of the beautiful



THE FORKS.

La Have to the mouth, some fifteen miles away. This is one of the pleasantest drives,—or sails, if you prefer the boat,—that can be had anywhere in the province. Near the mouth of the river one may still come upon traces of the old French settlement of La Have, which had a brief existence a century and a half ago.

One is in something of a quandary in leaving Bridgewater, as to which way he had better do it; whether to take the Nova Scotia Central Railway up to Middleton, or to continue the delightful sail along the South Shore. If one is in great haste to reach Yarmouth, the quicker way, of course, is to take the railway, as he can leave Bridgewater comfortably after breakfast, meet the "Flying Bluenose" at Middleton, and get to Yarmouth an hour before the boat sails. This two hours' ride from Bridge-

water to Middleton is by no means uninteresting. It is through a rough and heavily wooded country, the chief industry of which is the cutting of timber and the sawing of logs; but there are many beautiful spots along the railway, and one is never very long out of sight of river or lake. After an hour's ride, one leaves the La Have River and its tributaries, and soon finds the water flowing the other way; and shortly after he descends a great red river at his left, and he knows that he is back in the region of the big tides, for the red river is the Annapolis. A few minutes later he is at Middleton,

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Public Gardens - Halifax N.S.



and, after the briefest possible wait, which will not give him time to visit the Wilmot Spas unless he plans to stay over a train, the "Bluenose" comes along, and he is on his way back to peaceful Paradise and beautiful Bridgetown, to ancient Annapolis and delightful Digby.

But unless one is much driven for time, on leaving Bridgewater he will resume his sail along the South Shore. There is Liverpool, famous for fish and lobsters, which he should visit, and certainly one will want to stop at Shelburne, a spot as romantic in its history as Grand Pré itself; for it was Shelburne to which, after the close of the American Revolution, a large number of the loyalists and disbanded English soldiery went, intending to make it the metropolis of the province. Shelburne, in the rapidity of its growth, anticipated by more than a century the boom towns that have been started on our American Indian reservations; for Shelburne began with a population of 20,000. But, alas, it was a most unfortunate population, unused to toil and hardship. Within a year or two, the people had spent their money, consumed all their provisions, and began actually to feel the pangs of starvation. They had to scatter, some going back to the States, and some to other parts of Nova Scotia, and the brilliant South Shore capital became a fishing village of four or five hundred people. It is still a fishing town, though now numbering nearly two thousand people.

Another place at which the voyager will be repaid for stopping is Barrington, which has been frequented considerably by vacationists from the States. Sailing thence around the bold promontory which rounds out the ragged contour of the coast, you pass the Tusket Islands, and are soon steaming up towards the harbor of Yarmouth.



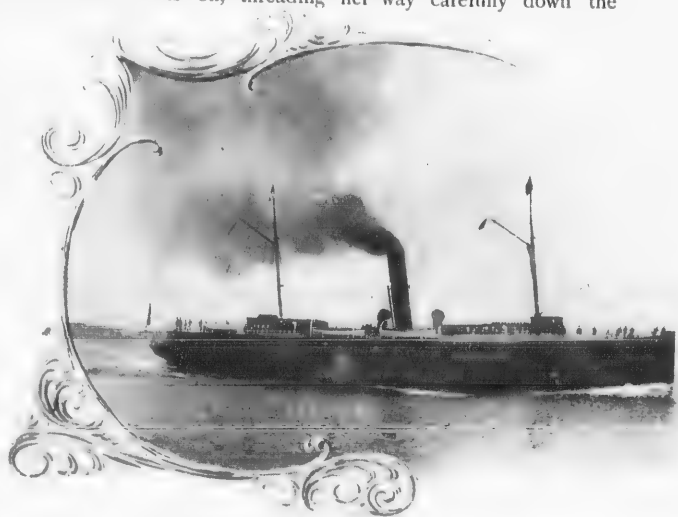
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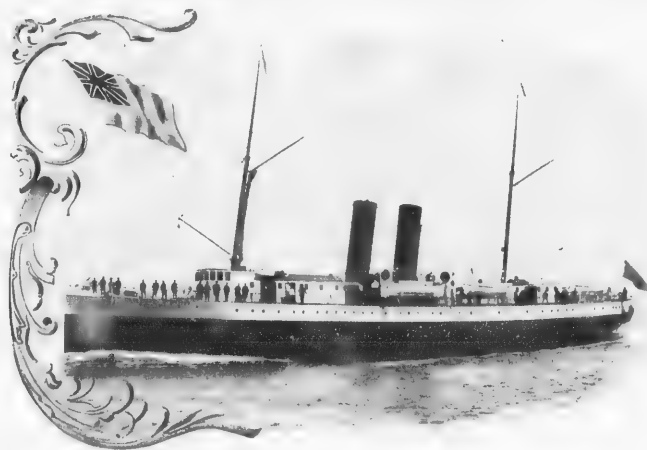
BACK TO BOSTON.

IF one returns to Yarmouth by the South Shore route, he has several hours to devote to renewing his acquaintance with the busy little city. If he comes back by the "Flying Bluenose," he goes immediately from the comfortable coach to his stateroom—if he has had the forethought to engage one ahead—on the swift "Boston" or the staunch "Yarmouth," as the case may be. Soon the steamer is off, threading her way carefully down the serpentine channel, past the "Bug Light," and a few minutes later past "Yarmouth Light" with its gaudy stripes of red, out into the open sea. The evening is gone all too soon as you compare notes with your returning fellow tourists, each one feeling sure that no one else has had quite such a good time as he, or seen quite so many interesting places.

The morning sail is delightful. You walk the deck in the bracing air feeling a perceptible regret, which even the rich vigor of a New England patriotism cannot dispel, that you are going back again to crowded streets, stuffy offices, and the old accustomed grind. Soon you see the fishermen circling the schooners in their little dories, and gathering in the cod from their trawls. Presently land appears—Cape Ann, away to the starboard, and a little later you descry Cape Cod far to the



southward. It is not long then before the swift steamer turns her sharp prow landward, and you see the old familiar lighthouse that stands like a tireless sentinel at the entrance of Boston harbor. You are soon in the channel, steaming



STEAMER BOSTON.

between Hull and the rocky reefs to the northward, past green old Warren, looking so serene and peaceful notwithstanding its big-mouthed guns. Then you see flashing in the morning sun the gilded dome, and you unconsciously straighten a little when you point it out to those unfortunates whose lives have been such an utter blank that they are now approaching Boston for the first time.

A half hour later you have walked down the gang plank, had your bag decorated with the chalk hieroglyphics of the customs man, and are making for Atlantic Avenue or Hanover Street to board a car. The first thing you do on planting your feet on American soil once more is to vow a great vow, that with the coming of another vacation you will strike immediately for Nova Scotia, taking with you a whole colony of

your friends. The second thing you do is to discover that you have gained a whole hour, and that to be on the same footing with your Boston friends, you must set your watch back a full sixty minutes. This makes your first day at home twenty-five hours long, but you will need them all telling everybody you meet about the trip.

An hour, however, is not the only thing you have gained; it is, in fact, a most inconsiderable trifle. You have

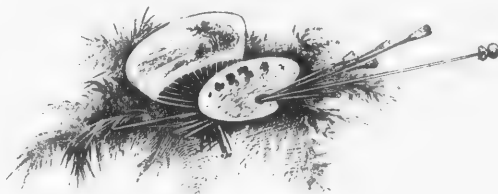
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THE GAME LAWS FOR THE PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

MOOSE AND CARIBOU.—Close season for moose and caribou is from 1st February to 14th September, both inclusive—that is to say, they may be hunted upon and after 15th September till and upon the 31st day of January. No person shall have any green meat in his possession, or offer it for sale, except in months aforesaid, and the first five days in February; no matter whether killed in Nova Scotia or not. Possession of green meat in close season is presumptive evidence of its having been killed in close season by the person in possession of it. Any person killing moose or caribou shall carry the meat out of the woods within 10 days, but not later in any case than the 5th February. Penalty for breach of foregoing, not less than \$50 nor more than \$100 for each offence. No person shall kill in one season more than two moose and five caribou under the same penalty.

SNARES.—No person shall set or attempt to set any snare or trap for moose or caribou; and any person finding a snare or trap may destroy it. Penalty not less than \$50 nor more than \$80 for each offence. The possession of a snare or trap is presumptive evidence that the party intends to set it.

HUNTING WITH DOGS.—To hunt, chase, or pursue moose or caribou with dogs renders the party liable to a penalty of \$25 in addition to any other penalties for hunting in close season, etc. Any person may kill a dog found hunting or about to hunt moose or caribou.

BEAVER.—No person shall hunt for or kill beaver except in November, December, January, February, and March. Penalty, not less than \$10 nor more than \$15.

HARE, RABBIT.—No person shall hunt or kill, or have in possession, hares or rabbits between first of March and October. No snares shall be set during that period. All snares set shall be taken up. No hedge of greater length than 50 feet shall be erected in connection with or between any snare or snares. A space of 100 feet must be left between one hedge and another. Any such illegally set may be destroyed. Penalty, five dollars for each offence. Possession after 5th March is presumptive evidence that the same was illegally taken.

OTTER, MINK AND FURRED ANIMALS.—Close season between 1st May and 1st November. Close season for all other fur animals from 1st April to 1st November. Animals excepted: the bear, wolf, loup-cervier, wild cat, skunk, racoon, woodchuck, musquash, and fox. Penalty, five dollars for each offence.

BIRDS. Woodcock, snipe, teal. — Close season from March 1st to August 20th. No person shall kill any woodcock before sunrise or after sunset.

Partridge, Grouse. — Close season from January 1st to September 15th. Unlawful to sell, buy, or have in possession during such time.

Duck. — Unlawful to kill or have in possession any blue-winged ducks during the months of April, May, June, and July.

The possession of any of the above-mentioned birds in close season is presumptive evidence of unlawful killing by the person in possession of it. Penalty for killing any of the above-mentioned birds, not less than \$5 nor more than \$10 for each offence, in addition to \$1 for each of such birds killed, taken, or had in possession in close season.

Pheasants. — Unlawful to take, kill, or have in possession any pheasant at any time of year. Penalty, \$2.

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L. ENSES. — No person whose domicile is not within Nova Scotia shall kill or hunt any of the above-mentioned animals or birds without having obtained a license. Licenses are sold by the Clerk of Municipality in each county, from the office of the Provincial Secretary, and by the agents of the Game Society appointed in various convenient places through the province. Licenses shall be in force only from August 1st, or the day of their delivery, till August 1st ensuing. License fee, \$30 for moose and game and \$10 for birds. Officers in H. M. S., if members of Game Society, are exempt from payment of any fee, otherwise they shall pay a fee of \$5. Every holder of a license must produce the same when required by any justice of the peace, game commissioner, or officer of Game Society.

Export of hides, etc. — Unlawful to export moose or caribou hides from Nova Scotia. Any hides attempted to be exported shall be forfeited. Penalty, \$5 for each hide. Unlawful to export partridge or woodcock. Penalty, \$20.

FISH. Salmon. — Close season from August 15th to March 1st, except that salmon may be fished for with the fly alone from February 1st to August 15th. From low water nearest 6 o'clock P.M. of every Saturday to low water nearest 6 A.M. of every Monday no one shall fish for salmon in tidal waters. In non-tidal waters frequented by salmon, no one shall fish for any kind of fish between 9 o'clock P.M. of every Saturday and 6 o'clock A.M. of the following Monday. Drifting and dipping for salmon is prohibited. Penalty for breach of foregoing provisions, \$20 for each offence.

Trout, etc. — Unlawful to fish for, or to have in possession, any speckled trout (*salvelinus fontinalis*), lake trout, or land-locked salmon, between 1st October and 1st April. Unlawful to fish for trout by any other means than angling with hook and line. Penalty for breach of foregoing provisions, \$20 for each offence.

Explosives. — The use of explosives to kill any kind of fish is prohibited under a penalty of \$20.

Bass. — Close season from 1st March to 1st October, except that bass may be fished for at all times by angling with hook and line. Bass shall not be fished for by any net having meshes of a less size than 6 inches, extension measure, nor by means of seines. Penalty, \$20.

Shad and gaspereaux. — Close season for shad and gaspereaux shall be from sunset on Friday evening to sunrise on Monday morning in each week. Penalty, \$20. By a late amendment to the game laws, agents of the Game and Fishery Protection Society are appointed in various places in the province, where non-residents are likely to arrive, for the purpose of selling licenses, and of generally carrying out the law. This has been chiefly because strangers have complained of the difficulty of finding the officials who hitherto have had authority to sell licenses. It is the intention of the Game Society rigorously to enforce the above laws, and therefore this publicity has been given to them.

SPORTSMEN'S GUNS, RODS, ETC.

I am now instructed by the Honorable Minister of Customs to authorise you to accept entry and duty on the guns, fishing rods, and other equipment of parties visiting Canada for sporting purposes, with the condition that the duty so paid will be refunded on proof of exportation of the same within a period of two months from the date of entry.

OTTAWA, July 4th, 1891.

(Signed), J. JOHNSON, Commissioner of Customs.

Referring to the above notice, a receipt is given for the duty paid. On leaving Nova Scotia or by way of New Brunswick, the customs officer at the point he leaves certifies on the original receipt that the guns, rods or whatever it may be, have been returned to the United States, this receipt is attached to the *refund claim* and forwarded to Ottawa by the collector before whom the entry was made.

HALIFAX, June 17th, 1893.

(Signed), W. D. HARRINGTON, Collector of Customs.

NOVA SCOTIA HOTELS.

The following is a list of the principal Hotels and Boarding Houses of the Province. Outside of Halifax (whose two leading hotels, the Queen and Halifax, can comfortably house 250 and 350 guests, respectively), they will accommodate from 15 to 75, or 35 or 40, on an average. Rates will range from \$4 to \$9 per week, but will average \$5 to \$6. It will always be well to communicate with the Proprietors in advance, as to terms and accommodation.

TOWN.	HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.	TOWN.	HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.
ANNAPOLIS	Clifton House	John D. Cameron.	HALIFAX	Waverly	Miss Romans.
"	Queen	C. A. Perkins.	"	Albion	Grant Bros.
AYLESFORD	Aylesford	M. N. Graves.	HANTSPOUT	American	E. W. Dalton.
BADDECK	Bras d'Or House	Frank Anderson.	"	Hantsport	Jas. Wall.
"	Telegraph	J. Dunlap.	KINGSTON	Kingston	C. Neily.
BEDFORD	Bellevue	William Wilson.	KENTVILLE	Hotel Aberdeen	D. McLeod & Son.
BERWICK	Central House	Mrs. Vaughn.	LAWRENCETOWN	Elm House	A. Oswell.
"	Berwick Hotel	Geo. Kirkpatrick.	MIDDLETON	American	D. Feindel.
BRIDGETOWN	Grand Central	E. J. Langley.	PICTOU	Revere	C. L. Rood.
"	Revere	Mrs. Russell.	TRURO	Learment	A. H. Learment.
BRIDGEWATER	Fairview	Fred. Clark.	TUSKET	American House	W. H. Gilman.
CANNING	Waverley	A. B. Baxter.	WEYMOUTH	Weymouth House	R. L. Black.
DIGBY	Royal Hotel	J. Daley.	"	American House	Mr. Goodwin.
"	Short's Hotel	Mrs. Short.	WINDSOR	Hotel Dufferin	Schultz & Jordan.
"	Waverley House	Miss Woodman.	WOLFVILLE	American	L. Duncanson.
"	De Balinhard's	J. A. C. De Balinhard.	"	Kent Lodge	Mrs. Moore.
"	Acacia Valley	Capt. Raymond.	YARMOUTH	Grand Hotel	Grand Hotel Co.
GRAND NARROWS	Grand Narrows	McDougall & McNeil.	"	Queen	E. M. Nichols.
HALIFAX	Halifax	Hesslein & Son.	"	Lorne	J. H. Hurlbert.
"	Queen's	A. B. Sheraton.			

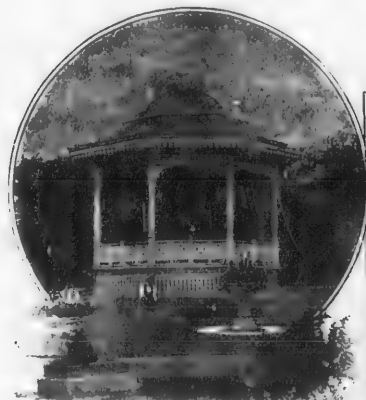
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"Take a rest" is a misnomer frequently applied by persons in a thoughtless manner alike by the jester who does not mean it at all, and the well disposed who offer it as a solace to their careworn friend. But how often do they couple with it a suggestion of some extended pleasure trip, perhaps many miles by Railroad, involving the use of sleeping cars or a hundred other and one returns only "that tired feeling", "stuffy" and contracted of railway cars in the rooms the comfortable deck of a well appointed the ships of the Clyde Line making three trips per week between New York Charleston and Jacksonville Florida. Finest in the Coastwise Service, rates the lowest. Cruise the best. Send for descriptive advertising, try a trip and you'll surely "take a rest."

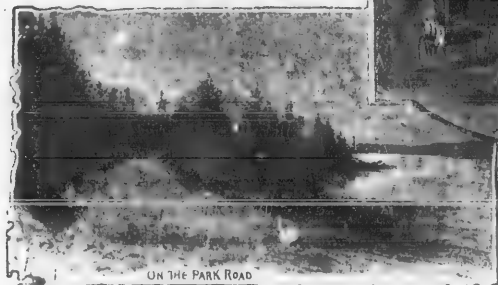


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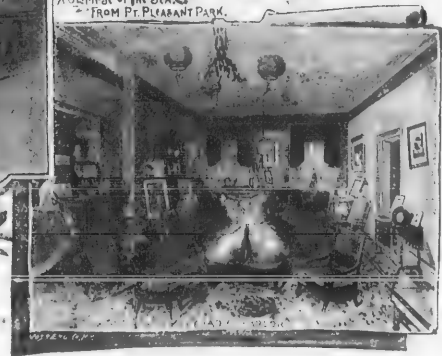
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HALIFAX, N.S.

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Tourists and travellers, without exception, speak in warm terms of their treatment at Mr. A. B. Sheraton's Queen Hotel, Halifax. The house is most elegantly fitted up, the table and service is first class, and Mr. Sheraton and his genial assistants do their best to make the guests of The "Queen" comfortable, and admirably succeed. The "Queen" is doing a splendid business. — *Maritime Farmer*.

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A CREDIT TO HALIFAX.—The Queen is a hotel which for elegance of appointments, thoroughness of attendance, and completeness of cuisine, cannot be surpassed in the Maritime Provinces, and probably by very few houses in Canada.—*Evening Mail*.

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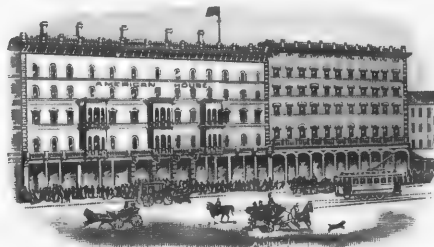
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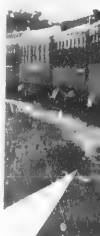
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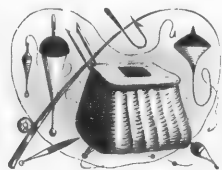
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The "GRAND," during the few months of its existence, has earned for itself an amount of praise and flattering eulogy that is not only unusual, but quite extraordinary. The House is classed by its guests as one of the three best in Canada. Among the guests entertained last summer were His Excellency Lord Aberdeen (Governor-General of Canada) with Lady Aberdeen and suite, and His Excellency volunteered the most complimentary remarks regarding the House and its management.

Manager.

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L. E. BAKER, PRESIDENT.

CHAS. T. WILSON, MANAGER.

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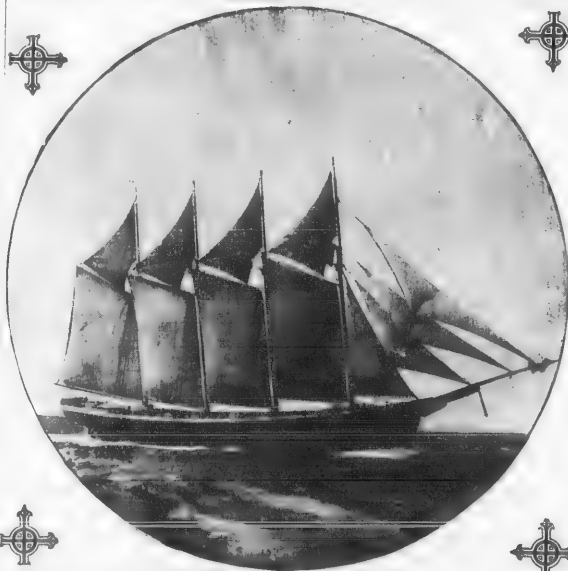
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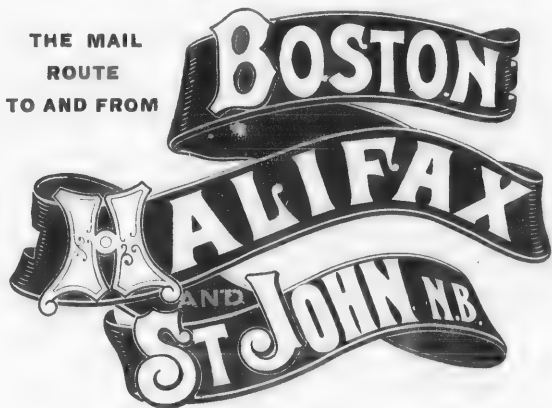
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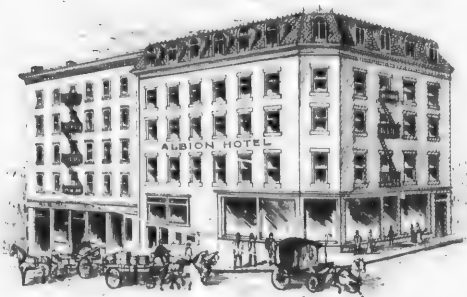
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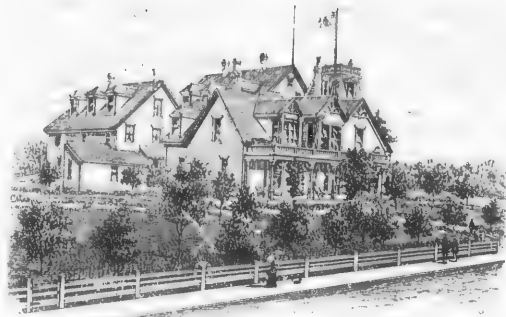
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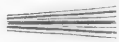
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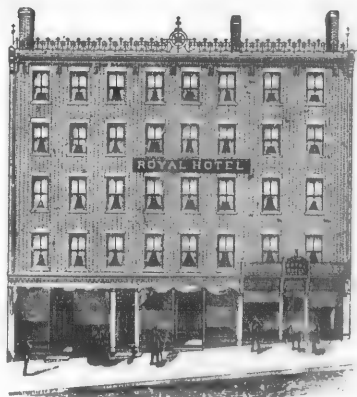
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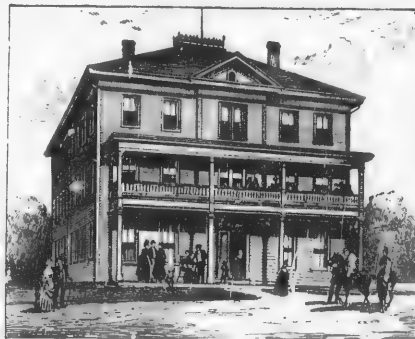
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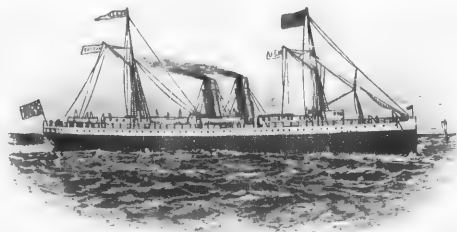
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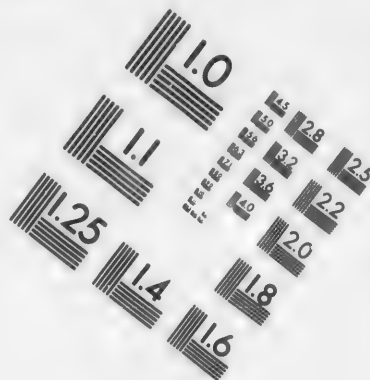
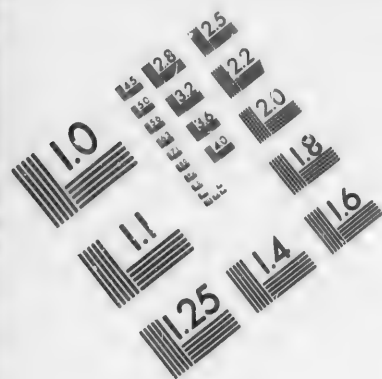
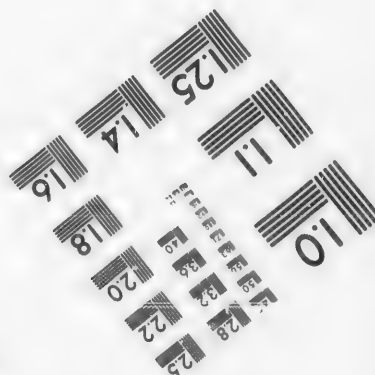
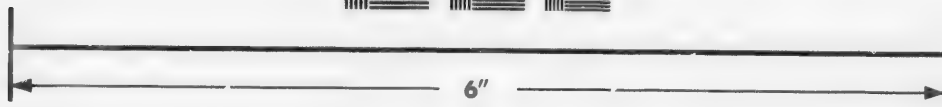
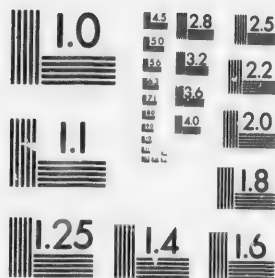


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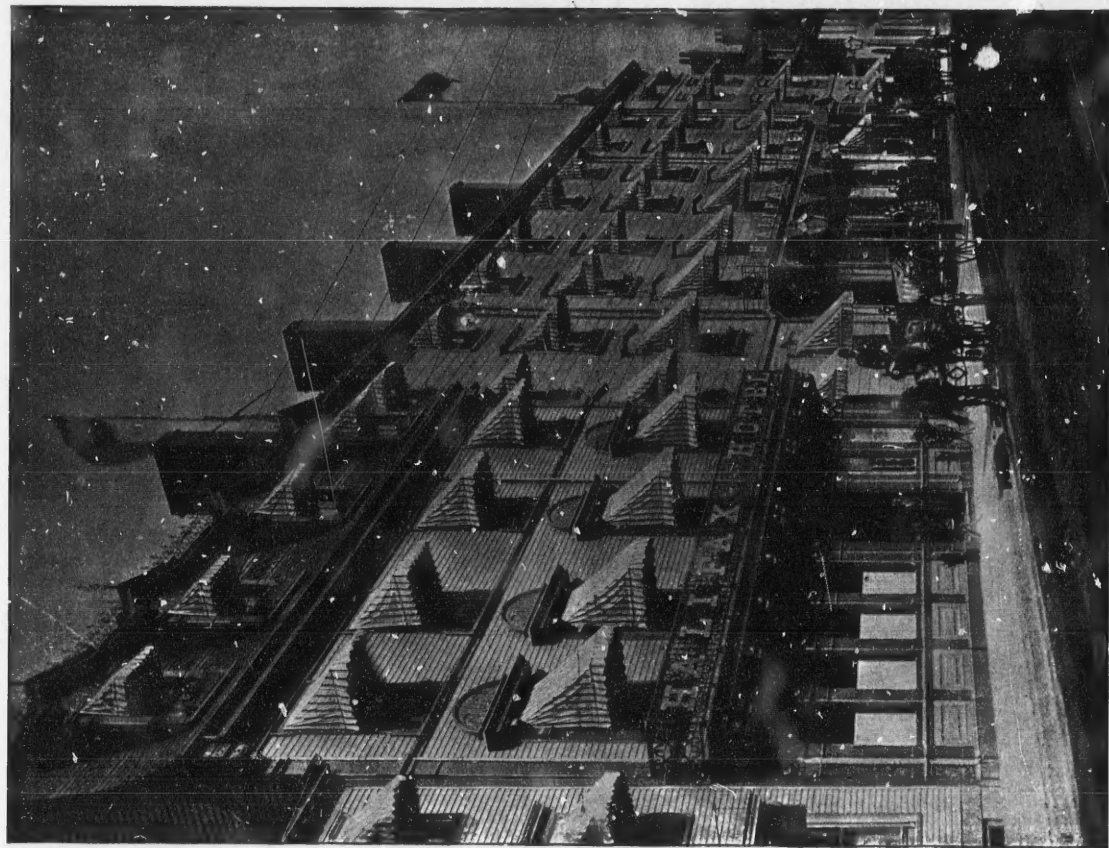
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